

apiece, or a face without eyes, here and there. As they finished the song it dawned upon me—this was a train load of blasted lives. The crowd began to see, too, as they sang; here and there a voice broke and stopped. When the song approached its end, only the Germans were singing. They were the only happy ones there.

The nurses rushed forward with steaming coffee cups; the crowd pelted the train with boxes of cigars and candy and apples. A basket fell short on the platform, broke open, and a roasted chicken bounded across the way.

By stretching from my car window I could reach the hands of the Germans, extended eagerly for a shake.

One fellow was leaning sideways out of the window. I extended him my hand, but he had no arm or shoulder on that side. So he backed away in the crush, turned around and leaned out again, giving me his only hand. "Wie gehts?" I asked. He replied that he was very happy. He was going home and wouldn't have to fight any more.

The station platform was littered with apple cores, candy and cigaret boxes and empty coffee tanks, when the train started up again for "home." "Bon voyage!" shouted every voice but one. A surly fellow yelled "Cochons!" (Pigs!) from the edge of the crowd. A little man, alone, made for him like a bulldog. The big fellow hurried away, his head down, defeated more by his own shame than by the man of half his size.

As the train disappeared in the switchyard, there came back to our ears the cry, "Hoch der Schweiz!"

Afterwards, in Zurich, when I saw another train load of crippled men—French, this time—I heard that same cry in the French tongue: "Vive la Suisse!" I adopted that cry for my own—a cry that can be put into any language—Hurrah for Switzerland, and hurrah for all countries that ex-

pend their energies on helping instead of killing men.

—O—O—  
**THIS SUFFRAGE LEADER TURNS  
EDITOR TO HELP GET "VOTE"**



**LUCY BURNS**

Prominent as a suffrage leader and ex-member of the congressional committee of the National American Woman Suffrage association, she is now busying herself in Washington as editor of *The Suffragist*, a weekly champion of the cause.

—O—O—  
Sir—Speaking of police burglars, a guy thrust a gun in my face one dark night last spring and said, "Thank you!" Puzzled, I asked him what he thanked me for. "For that nice gold watch and chain you are going to give me," he replied.—Then he took it.—B. B.